Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne deſpaire,
That ſhe fordid her ſelfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke, ſhees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues. *Kent.* Is this the promiſt end.
Edg. Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs ſhe liues, if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorowes
That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maiſter.
Lear. Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little, ha,
What iſt thou ſayeſt, her voyce was euer ſoft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue ſeene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not o the beſt, ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, where is your ſeruant *Caius*,
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe, als chearles, darke and deadly,
Your eldeſt daughters haue foredoome themſelues,
And deſperatly are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.
Duke. He knowes not what he ſees, and vaine it is,
That we preſent vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootleſſe. *Enter*
Capt. Edmund is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*
Duke. Thats but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends,
Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, ſhall be applied: for vs we wil reſigne during the life of this old maieſty, to him our abſolute power, you to your rights with boote, and ſuch addition as your honor haue more then merited, all friends ſhall taſt the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their deſeruings, O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button, thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.
Lear, Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe,
He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
Of this tough world ſtretch him out longer.
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſines
Is to generall woe, friends of my ſoule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the goard ſtate ſuſtaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortly to go,
My maiſter cals, and I muſt not ſay no.
Duke. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay,
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.

FINIS.